THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 12, 1809.

Memoir of the Life of that distinguished Ornament to Society, the late Lord Gardenstone.

(Concluded from Page 451.)

AFTER an absence of about three years he returned to his native country. The last years of his life were spent in the discharge of the duties of his office as a judge; in social intercourse with his friends, among whom was the venerable Lord Monboddo, and others of the most respectable characters, that our country has to boast of; in the performance of a thousand generous offices of benevolence and humanity; in cherishing those fine arts, of which he was an eminent admirer and judge; and above all, in promoting the comfort, and encouraging the industry of his dependents, and in lending his aid to every rational attempt at the improvement of public economy and public virtue.

St. Bernard's Well, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, had been, long since, distinguished for the medicinal virtues of its waters. But various circumstances had also concurred, of late, to throw it into neglect. Yet, its waters being strongly mineralized by a sulphurated hydrogenous gas, were by this means unquestionably qualified to operate with highly beneficial effects, in the cure of various diseases. The qualities of this mineral water falling under Lord Gardenstone's notice, he was induced to purchase the property of the well; to direct it to be cleared from surrounding obstacles, which contaminated the virtues of the water, or made it inaccessible; to erect a beautiful and commodious edifice over it; and to appoint pro-

per persons to distribute the water, for a very trivial compensation, to the public. The well lies at a distance from that city, which is very convenient for a summer morning's walk. Since Lord Gardenstone's benevolent care brought it into notice, it has attracted many of the inhabitants of Edinburgh to visit it in the mornings of spring and summer. And undoubtedly, the agreeable exercise to which they have thus been allured, and the salutary effects of the water, have contributed, in no mean degree, to dispel disease, and to confirm or re-establish health. Such monuments are worthy to preserve the memory of a patriotic and a good man.

As an amusement for the last two or three years of his life, when his increasing infirmities precluded him from more active exercise, and from mingling so frequently in the society of his friends, as was agreeable to his social and convivial temper, he bethought himself of revising some of the *jeux d'esprit*, and light fugitive pieces in which he had indulged the gaiety of his fancy, in his earlier days; and a small volume of poems was published, in which the best pieces are, upon good authority, ascribed to Lord Gardenstone. He revised also the memorandums which he had made upon his travels, and permitted them to be sent to the press. The two former volumes were published one after another, while his lordship was still alive. They met a very favourable reception from the world; and were honoured with the high approbation of the most respectable writers of periodical criticism. They convey much agreeable information, and bespeak a sound, an enlightened, an elegant, an amiable mind. The third volume, now presented to the public, and faithfully printed from his lordship's manuscript, will be found to breathe the same spirit, and to possess the same excellencies, as the rest; it is filled chiefly with memorandums of his lordship's travels in Italy, and contains many interesting criticisms upon some of the noblest productions of the fine arts of painting and sculpture.

His lordship's health had long been declining. He died in the year 1793, lamented by his tenants and humble dependents, and by all the true patriots and good men, to whom his merits and virtues were known.

Lord Gardenstone was not only a man eminent in his professional character, but also of multifarious erudition, and an elegant correct taste. Of the former, it is sufficient proof to say, that with little or no political interest, he arrived at the highest legal functions in that country, being first a sheriff and depute advocate, then solicitor-general for Scotland, and last of all, both a civil and criminal judge in the supreme courts; and, if I am rightly informed, it was in contemplation to have appointed him president of the court of session, had not bodily infirmities overtaken him. In his judical capacity, none was

more

more conspicuous, either for his decisions in civil causes, or his correct judgment in criminal cases; and I have often with pleasure heard him give charges to juries on circuits, which did the highest honour both to his head, heart, and feelings. No man, in his address to juries, displayed more pathos, (where it was requisite,) or a more impartial and accurate arrangement of facts than Lord Gardenstone. As to the latter assertion, his Miscellanies, the two volumes of his Travelling Memorandums, formerly published, and the one now exhibited to the public, show evident marks of acute critical observation, an acquaintance with the best authors, and a happy classical talent for composition, both in prose and verse. Of the antients, his favourite author was Horace, from whose works I have often heard his lordship make most apposite quotations, and on many occasions, he appeared to be entirely master of Horace's works, of which he always carried a neat pocket copy with him.

Had not his lordship been prevented, by the duties of a laborious profession, and the infirmities of declining age, I am convinced that he would have favoured the world with a work of celebrity, for which his genius, abilities, and knowledge, were well suited. In his private character, Lord Gardenstone was a man of universal benevolence, and did repeated acts of generosity to his friends and old acquaintances, for whom he had an esteem, as many of them yet living well know. His favourite village of Laurencekirk will, it is hoped, long remain a monument of his public munificence. He had the interest of it so much at heart, that he not only got a charter of erection for it at his own expence, but also gave instructions and advice to the inhabitants at large, and made establishments, and left pensions to several needy individuals, besides occasional gratuities, in a manner more resembling the affection of a parent, than of a master. When in his hours of relaxation and festivity, none was more social than his lordship, or had a happier talent of telling little stories and anecdotes, with which his memory was well stored; but this he did, without the least satirical animadversion on persons or characters. On literary subjects, if the company were so disposed, he could also well distinguish himself.

The sound judgment, classical taste, and comprehensive genius of Lord Gardenstone, are evidently seen in the unpremeditated Memorandums, which form the substance of this, and the two preceding volumes. They were invariably written in haste, and "on the spur of the occasion," yet they discover, not only just observation on the different subjects which present themselves, but a gaiety of manner, joined to a perspicuity, and force of expression, which never failed to distinguish whatever his lordship attempted to describe. No one could

more readily form a correct opinion of men and manners, nor was any one more a friend to the decencies and decorums which so greatly contribute to give a higher relish to the best enjoyments of social intercourse, and which so considerably tend to influence the happiness of human life.

His letter to the inhabitants of his favourite village of Laurencekirk, exhibits a mind animated with the most ardent desire to promote the happiness of his rising community, and free from the fetters of illiberal prejudice; but under the strongest impressions of the wisdom and goodness of the Deity in his government of the universe, and a firm belief in the infinite advantages which mankind derive from the blessings and comforts of revelation. In his observations on the governments of the different countries through which he passed, it is impossible to avoid observing the invariable disposition he manifests, to give a decided preference to that of Great Britain, and to speak in terms of just praise of the superior excellence of our constitution. "After many struggles," says his lordship, "we have obtained a firm establishment of laws, under a well limited monarchy. The wisest and best of our ancestors never aimed at more; and the attempt to introduce a republic, though apparently successful for some time, ended in tyranny." Travelling Memorandums, vol. ii. p. 2, and 3.—His taste and judgment in the fine arts are evident and striking, wherever the subject occurs to call them forth, and the selection which he made when in Italy, for his own private collection, from paintings by the first masters, in copies, rather than suppositious originals, affords the strongest confirmation to the truth of this observation.

Lord Gardenstone's eloquence was the most natural and energetic. There was in the tone of his voice, a harmony and modulation, which arrested the attention of the hearers, and delighted those who listened to him. His manner corresponded to his voice, and both united, contributed, like a charm, to make his eloquence irresistible. No one possessed the powers of wit and humour, in a more eminent degree, but both were of the chastest kind, tempered alike with judgment and good nature. He always spoke to please, never to offend. His conversation was enriched with apt and happy illustrations of the various topics in discussion, and whether these were gay or grave, he never failed to command the strong points of every subject, and to form the conclusion with infinite vivacity, or the most solemn propriety. Indeed few excelled, and, if the partiality of a friend may be admitted, not many equalled him in all the best qualities of polite conversation. His language, his manner, and his sentiments, were peculiarly those of a gentleman; and from a memory, well stored with whatever was worthy of remark in men, or things, he never failed to furnish

a valuable, and no inconsiderable portion, of whatever passed in that company who had the good fortune to have him as a member. To nature and genius he owed much. His comprehension embraced, at the first glance, whatever was important in the subject which presented itself; and his talent for discrimination was such, that he at once seized the essential circumstances, and rejected whatever was futile and insignificant. Above all, the qualities of his heart beamed through whatever he said or did; his benevolence was warm and extensive, neither cramped by prejudice, or narrowed by the partialities which too frequently influence even good men; his heart and his hand were in unison; and when he embarked, in what he conceived was calculated to promote the happiness of deserving individuals, no honourable exertion was spared, however troublesome to himself, to secure the object he aimed at. To specify the instances of benevolence, which distinguished him from youth to mature and honourable age, would be to record the material circumstances of his life. Not satisfied with the ordinary occurrences which were occasionally presented, the principle of benevolence was continually exerting itself in search of opportunities of doing good, and his ample mind was constantly dictating those deeds of munificence, which gave the justest title to be considered, by all who had the happiness of knowing him, as the friend of human kind.

These are but faint traces of the character of one, whose worth was well known to the writer, to whom the memory of Lord Gardenstone will be ever dear, 'till his own remembrance, and other faculties, shall fail him.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 73.

TO THE EDITOR.

A PATRIOTIC POEM,

DEDICATED TO THE LOYAL DOCK VOLUNTEERS.

(Concluded from Page 443.)

BESIDE the vale where Tamer's waters glide,
And lose their freshness in the azure tide,
A beauteous town* adorns the sterile plain,
Where arts and commerce unmolested reign.

Its

* Plymouth-Dock.

Its loyal sons,* whom British glory warms,
Wave their gay plumes, and seize their polish'd arms,
Resolv'd as fate, at honour's sacred call,
To fall themselves, or make invaders fall.
Not long ago, when o'er my downy bed,
His airy dreams beguiling Morpheus spread,
Methought I saw, in crimson garb array'd,
The valiant host pervade the flow'ry mead;
In mute amazement to the skies they gaz'd
Where beams of glorious light effulgent blaz'd,
And in the midst a form majestic sate,
With golden helm, and spear of pond'rous weight.
No wakeful breeze the death-like silence broke,
'Till thus *Britannia's martial genius* spoke:
" Most noble warriors! proudly I behold
My loyal sons with inbred spirit bold;
Swift comes the hour when all must bravely prove
Their love of freedom, and their country's love.
Our sanguine foes, expert in deeds of blood,
Impatient wait to cross the restless flood;
Like fierce barbarians from some unknown soil,
They pant for power, and glut their hopes with spoil.
Ah! should success their impious wishes crown,
This throne must fall, a shapeless ruin, down;
Robb'd of my pow'r—my ancient glory fled—
This wreath must fade that binds my honour'd head,
And I, in bondage, view my realm disgrac'd,
My daughters ruin'd, and my sons debas'd.
It must not be! To arms—to arms—ye brave!
Nor live to weep o'er slaughter'd freedom's grave.
Shall Britain's offspring, blind to former fame,
Resign my empire to eternal shame?
Shall desolation scorch my fertile plains,
And vanquish'd Albion groan in servile chains?
Oh no, my sons! Indignant of disgrace,
Rush boldly forth to meet the dastard race;
Crush all their hopes—and from the corse-strewn shore
Return *victorious*—or return *no more.*
But ah! conceive not that by *strength alone,*
Your force is routed, or the battle won;
Unblest by Heav'n, in vain to arms you train,
And lift those arms in furious fight in vain.
Let daring Atheists, with Satanic guile,
Prepare their vengeance for our favour'd isle,
Tho' from all lands invading armies pour,
Whilst GOD is our's, the victory is sure.

Trust,

* The loyal Dock volunteers.

Trust, then, my sons—to *heavenly justice* trust,
Which brands the sinful, and exalts the just;
Then shall your foes in dark disgrace be driv'n,
Like scatter'd clouds before the winds of Heav'n.
What deeds of wonder cannot God perform,
Who backs the whirlwind and directs the storm?"
The genius ceas'd, and 'midst the blaze of day,
Stretch'd forth his silver wings, and bore away.
Here fled the solemn dream; but still I find
Its weighty truths implanted on my mind;
Let all our bosoms flame with sacred zeal,
To guard our rights, and serve our country's weal;
Thus shall we rush towards the destin'd field,
Arm'd by the god of might, and safe beneath his shield.
On that fam'd day* which laid a Harold low,
And plac'd the crown on William's manly brow.
As to the fight the Normans bent their way,
They join'd in hymns of heavenly melody.
Oh may our armies soon to battle press
With like devotion, and with like success,
'Till wrathful war's destructive thunder cease,
And England smiles in universal peace.
Thus if a torrent swoln by wintry rains,
O'erflows its banks, and whelms the lowland plains,
Where'er the tide its devious current bends
A dreary landscape to the eye extends,
'Till summer-suns with brighter lustre beam,
And teeming earth absorbs the vagrant stream.
Ah then, behold, with matchless beauty crown'd,
What fairy prospects nature spreads around!
A richer tint the moistened scene pervades,
The silent flocks recline in fresher shades;
Each toilsome swain the magic change surveys,
And pours to bounteous Heaven a grateful song of praise.

X.

* The battle of Hastings.

MR. EDITOR,

I know no time more proper than the present, for re-printing my patriotic poem As to its versification I have nothing to be proud of; but the sentiments contained in it are such as every Briton should be anxious to inculcate. Such is the unsettled state of public affairs, both at home and abroad, that Heaven only knows what momentous events may not take place ere this letter is published. Austria is struggling for existence; the gigantic power of Bonaparte threatens her with annihila-

tion; but oh! may his hopes be blasted! May the arm of almighty retribution no longer withhold what tyranny and usurpation call aloud for!

At *home*, "reform" is the order of the day. May the patriotic spirit of a Wardle give vigour to the nation at large! Corruption has long been gathering fresh converts to her cause. Et neglecta solent incendia sumere vires. For my own part, being too insignificant to be noticed as a defender of our constitutional liberty, I shall not again advance a single political idea, but content myself with dallying with the muses.

> "Let giddy crowds, with anxious toil, pursue
> Each painted bauble time presents to view,
> And idly hope, in future hours, to gain
> Bliss long beheld, and long desir'd in vain;
> I envy not the foibles of the great,
> The glare of riches, or the pomp of state;
> In serious musing rather let me rove
> Far thro' the devious windings of the grove,
> Where mirth's fantastic votaries ne'er intrude
> To break the calm repose of solitude."
>
> VISIONS OF MEMORY.

Ovid says, "Inter utrumque tene, medio tutissimus ibis." It is certainly true; there is a happy medium to be desired in all things; and none, I think, are happier than those who walk in the middle path of life—alike safe from the cares of the great, and the deprivations of the poor.

> "Incubuit nunquam cælestis flamma salictis,
> Nec parvi frutices iram metuere tonantis,
> Ingentes quercus, annosas fulminat ornos.
>
> CLAUD.

Which I have seen thus translated—

> "From lightning and from thunder's strokes
> Poor shrubs and willows safer are,
> Let the proud ash and sturdy oaks,
> Whose danger greater is, beware."

In the "Visions of Memory" I have nearly the same idea. (I say "*I*," because I am—with all humility be it spoken—the author of it.) But at the time it was composed I had not seen the Latin quotation last made; consequently, it cannot be called an *imitation*, however it may appear so. The lines referred to are these,

> "The twig in lowly station rests secure,
> Whilst loftier boughs, the furious storm endure;

But when as high the spiry ozier grows,
It feels, like them, each adverse gale that blows."

Bonaparte may go whistle with his "glory;" he little thinks, probably, that it is possible for a humble individual to despise his greatness. Let *him* proceed in his ambitious career, with the hope of conquering the world—let *me* but conquer the passions attached to human frailty, and I am content.

———"Quanto felicier hic, qui
Nil cuperet, quàm qui totum sibi posceret orbem!!"
JUVENAL.

So many quotations may seem pedantic; therefore, lest I should again stumble on one, I bid you, Mr. Editor, most cordially adieu!

X.

St. Ives, Cornwall, May 17.

AN EXTRAORDINARY HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

THAT the sins of the father are frequently visited upon the children, is a circumstance not only enforced in our religious creed, but evinced by daily observation and historical facts; but a more striking instance of the truth of this remark is not to be met with, than in the vicissitudes of fortune which befel the natural son of that tyrant Richard the Third.

That the reign of this sanguinary prince was short, all my readers doubtless are acquainted with; and that it was one continued scene of strife and bloodshed. Insurrections occurred in different parts of the British dominions, which at length were terminated by the famous battle of Bosworth, where the earl of Richmond became victorious, and claimed the crown, as being lineally descended from John of Gaunt. He ascended the throne, under the title of Henry the Seventh, in the year 1485; and about five and twenty years after this event, the historical anecdote with which I am going to entertain my readers, indisputably occurred.

Sir Thomas Moyle was, at the period alluded to, erecting an elegant family mansion in the parish of Eastville, and being partial to mechanical pursuits, spent great part of his time in superintending the labourers. In the person and manners of the principal mason he discovered something very superior to the generality of men in that station of life, and frequently entered into conversation with him for the space of several hours; yet, whenever Sir Thomas approached his intelligent companion, he observed his attention occupied with a favourite

author, which he always hastily thrust into his pocket, evidently desirous of concealing from his employer in what manner his mind was amused. Curiosity, that prevailing influencer of human action, (which is said to be peculiarly attached to the female sex) acted so forcibly upon Sir Thomas, that he was resolved to discover the title of the book; and, for this purpose, one day crept softly behind him, and to his astonishment, discovered the book, which appeared to engross all the mason's faculties, was no other than Virgil's Æneid.

That a man in so humble a station should be able to read the works of that celebrated author, in their original language, struck Sir Thomas not only as extraordinary, but convinced him that the mason had been born to a different state. The result of this conviction was, an invitation to dine with him, which the mechanic, with a grace peculiar to a well-bred gentleman, readily accepted; and the whole of his conduct, during the repast, confirmed him in the opinion that his guest was well descended. The invitation was several times repeated, and Sir Thomas at length expressed his astonishment that a man, formed by nature and education to adorn the highest circles, should have chosen a trade where his talents could not have an opportunity of shining.

The mason, unhesitatingly, avowed that he had experienced the greatest vicissitudes of fortune it was possible for a human being to experience; and being pressed by his friendly employer to relate his history, did it in the following words; having first obtained Sir Thomas Moyle's sacred promise of confidence.

"Fate," said he, "Sir Thomas, which influences human conduct, doubtless decreed that I should be a mason; although my ancestors erected cities, I am building your castle; they had palaces, and possessed a throne, whilst I am only master of an humble cottage, and was bred up in ignorance of my real situation until the age of sixteen; but in that ignorance consisted my happiness, though, I thank God, I have banished every ambitious hope from my mind. Of the state of perfect childhood I have but a faint recollection; I was placed under the care of a protector, who was unremitting in his endeavours to inform my mind; I was not only taught a variety of different languages, but had masters to instruct me in those accomplishments which are so essentially necessary in high life. During my residence with this accomplished preceptor, I was regularly visited, every three months, by an elderly gentleman, whose dignified manners proclaimed him a man of consequence; yet he always saluted me with marks of distinction, and punctually defrayed every expence for my education and board.

"This

"This nobleman, for such I conceive him to have been, (though I never heard his title,) came one day previous to the close of the quarter, and requested me to accompany him in a short excursion. To this request I unreluctantly acceded, and he handed me into an elegant equipage, waiting at the door. We drove some miles, and at length stopped at the gates of a superb palace, which were instantly opened for the carriage to pass through; my conductor led me through several superb apartments, in one of which he requested me to be seated a few moments; the door opened in a short period, and a gentleman, about forty-six, entered; his dress was magnificent, and the garter which adorned him was enriched with diamonds. He advanced towards me with a hurried motion, strained me to his palpitating heart, embraced me with paternal tenderness, and, after asking a variety of questions respecting my studies, gave me a weighty purse, again embraced me, and hurried out of the room.

"At this moment my conductor re-entered, informed me the carriage was ready, and we again drove with the same rapidity to the house of my protector. The tranquillity of my mind, however, vanished with this visit; conjecture was lost in conjecture! To whom did I belong? why all the secrecy which surrounded me? were questions which my mind was unable to resolve. Several months elapsed in doubt and perplexity, when, at an early hour one morning, even before day had completely appeared, the same gentleman arrived, and brought with him an elegant suit of clothes, which he desired me to put on; after which he requested me to accompany him in a phaeton and six, that was waiting for us. We travelled with the rapidity of lightning, and drove to Bosworth Field, and stopped at the tent of Richard, who, the moment I entered, clasped me in his arms.

"I instantly recognized him to be the same person who had testified so much affection towards me in my former visit; and my heart seemed too full for the mansion which contained it, and ready to unite with his. After embracing me with great warmth, he turned to the noblemen who surrounded him, saying, 'My lords, behold my son!' Then embracing me again, 'My child,' said he, 'to-morrow I shall fight for my crown and your's; it shall either remain on my head, or I will lose my life. You are by far too young, my son, to expose yourself to the combat; but mark the eminence I point out, thither retire; a guide shall follow you, on whose fidelity I think I can trust. From the spot I have mentioned you will behold the fate of battle; if I prove victorious, fly to my arms; and then, amidst the brave fellows who have been fighting for their king and country, I will acknowledge you as my son and heir! But should the God of armies espouse the cause of my

adversary, be convinced that you no longer have a father; for this diadem I will wear to the last moment of existence, and death alone shall force it from my brow. If therefore you no longer behold me foremost in the battle, think only of preserving your life; fly to some place of safety, and implicitly follow the advice of your faithful guide. Go, my son,' continued he, whilst tears checked his utterance, 'and remember your father's counsel; conceal your birth, if you wish to preserve your existence, or desire to escape the conqueror's vengeance. This pocket-book not only contains instructions for your future conduct, in case my enemies prove victorious, but the means of supplying you with comforts, amidst all your trials and difficulties.'

"I stood as it were transfixed, with my eyes rivetted on my affectionate father's face: eagerly did my youthful heart pant to accompany him in the scene of danger. But the request was from tenderness denied; and my guide was almost compelled to drag me to the spot the king had specified.

"Distant as is the period of time, my very soul shudders at the recollection of the scene which presented itself to my eyes; I beheld my royal father foremost in every danger, and even now fancy I can hear his voice, rallying his troops, rousing them to activity, and riding through the ranks upon a milk-white steed. At length I saw a Scotchman make a furious thrust at his royal person; I even distinctly saw him sever the sword-arm from his side; I then beheld the barbarian divide his head from his body; but at that moment, a death-like faintness closed my horror-struck eyes.

"How long I remained in a state of insensibility is uncertain; but, upon the return of recollection, my guide was fled, and, base wretch that he was, took the pocket-book with him, which contained my deceased father's instructions, and the means of supporting my existence. Distress, almost amounting to distraction, was the consequence of this act of cruelty and treachery; yet I was well aware no time was to be lost, and therefore, seeing a horse tied to a tree at a small distance, I mounted him, and took the direct road towards the metropolis. Thus, at the age of sixteen, or little older, was I launched into the wide world, without friend or counsellor; and that being, who a few hours before was acknowledged as the son of a sovereign, knew not where to lay his wretched head.

"A bill of lodgings, however, in Piccadilly, caught my attention; I stopped, and immediately engaged a single room. The next morning disposed of my horse to the master of a livery-stable, and by the sale of him, and a few valuable effects about my person, contrived to subsist several months. The gradual decrease of my finances, threw an additional damp on

my

my spirits; I knew not what method to adopt to obtain a livelihood, but accidentally meeting some masons at a neighbouring tavern, at this period, I entered into conversation with them; and finding them a cheerful and contented race of mortals, I enquired whether there was a probability of my obtaining employment. Being answered in the affirmative, I unhesitatingly offered my services to their master; these, fortunately for me, were accepted; and I earned my daily sustenance by the sweat of my brow.

"My employer was a man of taste and science, and he soon displayed towards me evident marks of favour; in the course of a few years I became one of his family, and received as much kindness for him as if I had been his son. He had a daughter blooming as Hebe, and lovely as Venus; and in the society of this amiable and infatuating young creature, every care was forgotten. I loved her with the purity of a brother; yet the knowledge of my high birth, prevented me from talking of marriage.

"Thus time glided away imperceptibly; but we were both destined to experience a mutual loss; a fatal distemper suddenly attacked my benefactor, and in a few days put a period to his existence. We were both well aware that we could no longer live upon the same familiar footing, without incurring general censure. Pride was then vanquished by affection, and I avowed that passion which had long taken possession of my heart. The amiable girl accepted my proposals with evident satisfaction; and after paying a proper respect to the memory of her deceased father, we were united. I succeeded him in his business, and providence has crowned my industry with success, and blest me with three children, who all promise to be as amiable as their beloved mother."

Here the son of Richard Plantagenet closed his eventful history, which Sir Thomas had listened to with a mixture of admiration and astonishment; and rising from his seat, he addressed him by the title of "your highness," and implored him to consider his house and fortune as at his service.

The noble-minded man intreated his hospitable entertainer never to accost him by an epithet to which he had no claim. But Sir Thomas assured him, that he could never permit the son of a king to exercise the business of a mechanic, whilst he had a fortune to support him in independence and ease. The son of Richard paused a few moments, and then informed Sir Thomas, he would not only consent to be obliged, but would even make a request, on condition that no more should be forced upon him than he required.

"Speak, and be assured your request will confer an honour upon me!" exclaimed the generous Sir Thomas Moyle. "I request, then, a small corner of your park, in which I may build

me

me an humble cottage, and have the happiness of living near so kind and so disinterested a friend."

It was in vain that Sir Thomas implored him to receive a stronger testimony of his esteem and veneration; for he would only accept a confined piece of land, on which he erected a small but comfortable cottage, and retired thither as soon as it was completed, perfectly contented with his humble state. The relater of this anecdote informs us, he lived to the advanced age of ninety, having survived his wife and all his children; and the register of his burial is still to be seen in the parish books of Eastville; the words are as follows:—"Richard Plantagenet was interred the twenty-second of December, one thousand five hundred and fifty."

Ceremonies observed in Honour of his Majesty's Birth-Day.

HIS majesty completed his 71st year on Sunday, June 4, 1809, but the observance of it did not take place 'till the ensuing day, on the morning of which the accustomed ceremonies were held. About one o'clock was performed the following

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY.

June 4, 1809.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq. P. L.

While Europe, with dejected eye,
Beholds around her rural reign,
Whilom of peace the fair domain,
The scene of desolation lie;
Or if with trembling hope she cast
Her look on hours of glory past;
And burn again with virtuous fame
Her ancient honours to reclaim,
And brace the corslet on her breast,
And grasp the spear and wave the crest;
Yet lies her course thro' war's ensanguin'd flood;
Yet must she win her way thro' carnage and thro' blood.

Ah! happier, Britain, o'er thy plain
Still smiling peace and freedom reign;
And while thy sons with pitying eye
Behold the fields of ruin round them lie;
The storms that shake each neighbour-realm with fear,
Like distant thunder die upon the ear;

They bless the halcyon hours that gave,
To rule a people free and brave,
A patriot monarch all their own,
Their swords his bulwark, and their hearts his throne.
And while to this auspicious day
The muse devotes her tributary lay,
A nation's vows in choral pæan join,
And consecrate to fame a " verse as mean as mine."

Yet not to selfish thoughts confin'd,
Are the warm feelings of the virtuous mind;
The royal patriot while he views
Peace o'er his realms her bliss diffuse,
Mourns for the sorrows that afflict mankind.
Go forth, my sons, he cries; my Britons, go,
And rescue Europe from her ruthless foe.
Behold, in arms, Austria's imperial Lord;
Behold Iberia draw the avenging sword;
O let with their's your mingling ensigns fly,
In the great cause of injured liberty!
Go forth, my sons, and to the world declare,
When suffering freedom calls, Britannia's arms are there.

Among the company present, were their royal highnesses the Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, and Sophia; the princess of Wales; the duchess of York; the Princess Sophia of Gloucester; the prince of Wales; the dukes of York, Clarence, Cumberland, Kent, Cambridge, and Gloucester; the archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Tuam; the lord chancellor; the lord chief justice of the court of king's bench; the lord chief justice of the court of common pleas; the lord chief baron; the speaker of the house of commons; the lord chamberlain; their excellencies the Spanish, Austrian, Portuguese, Sicilian, American, Sardinian, and Swedish ambassadors; and a prodigious crown of nobility and dignified personages.

LADIES' DRESSES.

The queen's.—Her majesty wore a green and silver tissue dress with lace draperies richly ornamented with diamonds, festoons of Valenciennes lace, and beautiful diamond tassels, with a most sumptuous diamond border to the petticoat; train to correspond; the head dress exceeded all former birth-days in elegance and splendour.

Princess of Wales.—A superb lilac and silver gossamer gauze court train, richly embroidered all round with a beautiful silver net fringe, embellished with a magnificent plume of feather lamé work, with rich silver spangles up the front and centre

centre of the dress; the body, sleeves, and pocket-holes richly embroidered in plate, silver-work, and spangles; the drapery looped up with superb diamonds in clusters. Head dress, diamonds and ostrich plumes.

Princess Augusta.—An amber petticoat, richly embroidered with lilies of the valley, and silver striped; rich borders of oak leaves. A mantle of Turkish silk, a present from the grand seignior to his majesty, was beautifully wrought with flowers of silver. This dress was peculiarly *nouvelle*.

Princess Elizabeth.—A dress of sea green and silver tissue, with magnificent draperies of silver beads of twisted *bouillon*, forming a net work contrasted by the draperies, and bordered by the same in pendant festoons, with a profusion of silver tassels looping up the draperies, and large bunches of fern or mountain fougere had a strikingly new and elegant effect; the addition of a massy silver border with beads of foil completed this superb dress; the net-work, of which the draperies were formed, was worked by her majesty's own hand, and presented by her to her royal daughter.

The Princess Mary, the duchess of York, and Princess Sophia of Gloucester, were also superbly attired.

Duchess of Buccleugh.—Purple satin petticoat, with lace drapery, elegantly ornamented with vandyke silver fringe and tassels; train purple satin decorated with silver and leaves.

Marchioness of Lansdowne.—Dress yellow, covered with draperies of white crape, embroidered in rich stripes of silver, and fastened with most superb silver ornaments, the robe most magnificently embroidered to correspond; head-dress entirely of diamonds, with an elegant and graceful plume of feathers.

Marchioness of Hertford.—A dress of yellow crape, most magnificently embroidered in wreaths of musk flowers, with the richest ground work of silver; a magnificent robe to correspond, sleeves and neck covered with jewels; head-dress of diamonds and feathers.

Countess of Pembroke.—A grey sarsnet petticoat, trimmed at the bottom with crape, embroidered with silver concaves and silver bows, draperies of white crape, richly embroidered in silver spangles, and concaves festooned with rich silver tassels, train of grey sarsnet, trimmed with silver; head-dress of diamonds.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

His majesty, as usual on his birth day, wore a full dress Windsor Castle uniform.

The prince of Wales, and the royal dukes, were in full dress uniform; as were a great number of the nobility and gentry.

AN ANECDOTE.

DURING the time the French were besieging Mantua, a convent which lay exposed to the cannon of the garrison was evacuated by its nuns, and immediately occupied by its besiegers; who, hearing groans issue from underneath the building, humanely followed the sound, and discovered, in a damp and gloomy dungeon, a female seated on a crazy chair, and loaded with fetters, but whose countenance, though deeply furrowed by misery, looked youthful. On seeing the soldiers she earnestly petitioned for life and liberty, telling them she had been four years confined in that cruel manner, for attempting to elope with a young man who had long been master of her heart; the soldiers instantly struck off her fetters, upon which she besought them to lead her into the open air; they represented that, on quitting the shelter of the convent, she would be exposed to a shower of cannon-balls. "*Ah!*" replied she, "*mourir, c'est rester ici!*"

SAMARITAN SOCIETY.

A New charitable institution, called the Samaritan Society, has lately been established in Bristol, to relieve patients dismissed from public institutions under peculiarly distressed circumstances, especially females, for a short period, or until their health be restored, or they able to resume their labour; to relieve by visitors during sickness or severe distress, and at their residences, such industrious poor as cannot obtain relief under the rules of the several existing charities; and to assist such persons in obtaining parochial aid, especially those who belong to distant parishes.

A similar society has been instituted at Exeter, which is distinguished by the name of The Stranger's Friend, and which has extended the hand of charity to many unhappy persons, who were in circumstances of the most extreme distress. In several cities establishments equally useful have been formed, highly honourable to our nation as Britons and Christians, and deserving of general imitation.

A QUESTION, *by Robert Maffett, of Plymouth.*

GIVEN $x+y+z=404=a$
$xy+z=9292=b$
$x:y-z=c.$
Required the value of x, y, and z.

Answer, by T. P. near Chard, to J. Melhuish's Rebus, inserted April 10.

THE MISER, urg'd by greedy lure,
Much toil and trouble doth endure.

‡§‡ Similar answers have been received from W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; G. Pearse, near Bodmin; L. N. and S. Tucker, of Bugford.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, of Honiton, to Adrianus's Charade, inserted April 10.

BRAVE chanticleer, with aspect bold,
His power doth o'er the DUNGHILL hold.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Ball and J. French, at Evershot school; W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; J. C. of Ottery; J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; H. Richards, jun. J. Miller, and M. Perriam, of Exmouth; T. P. near Chard; L. N. S. Tucker, of Bugford; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; John Woodman, of North Curry; W. Kent, near Camelford; J. W. of Charmouth; and G. Pearse, near Bodmin.

Answer, by H. B. of Bridgewater, to W. D. Champion's Rebus, inserted the 17th of April.

THE barb'd HARPOON's a fatal dart,
That's us'd to strike whales to the heart.

†*† We have received the like answer from H. Richards, jun. and J. Miller, of Exmouth; J. C. of Ottery; J. W. of Charmouth; T. Pearse, of Chard; John Ball, and John French, at Evershot-school; J. Salter, Broadhembury; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; J. Melhuish, Honiton; G. Pearse, near Bodmin; R. Loosemore, and J. J. P of Tiverton; W. Kent, near Camelford; S. Tucker, of Bugford; and J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey.

A REBUS, *by T. Pearse, of Chard.*

THE god of sleep you'll call to mind;
And then a consonant pray find;
A pronoun follows in the rear:
A foreign beast you'll then declare.

A CHARADE, *by A. Kyne, of London.*

GO view the works of bounteous nature,
How well adapted every plan!
See my first a faithful creature,
Obsequious to the call of man.

The time the sun received his being,
And vegetative made the earth,
Order'd by the power all-seeing,
My next was usher'd into birth.

When bright Sol's in Leo's beaming,
And Canis joins his daily race,
Then my whole has its beginning,
And weary moments come apace.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ON MATILDA.

AS when Aurora decks the eastern sky,
And makes the clouds in wild confusion fly,
Drives the dark mists and shadows of the night,
Then paints the blushing morn with streaks of light,
Bright Phœbus, as he rises, darts between,
And on the adverse hills his rays are seen,
In silvery groupes they glist'ning seem to play,
The harbingers of an effulgent day.

So has Matilda's morning's dawn arose,
Such, such, th' attractive scene it doth disclose;
On her the loveliest tints of youth we see,
Beaming thro' love and soft complacency;
While her unbiass'd and most generous mind,
Glows with affection's warmth to all mankind;
Partakes their joys, their purest pleasure shares,
And when cast down by grief and thorny cares,
How flow the pearly tears from her bright eye!
How swells the bosom with the deep-ton'd sigh!
Then in the rose, when dew-drops numberless,
Its tender form and blooming leaves oppress,
Then in the sun, when showers of rain intrude,
Behold her true but faint similitude.

Good nature o'er the whole erects her throne,
While circling smiles the regal sceptre own;
A blush, which innocence of heart bespeaks,
In sportive gambols dances on her cheeks;
And her black eyes, with fire resplendent fraught,
Chase far away distress and gloomy thought,
They bid the passions dire our breasts forsake,
And sprightly chearfulness their places take;
Black, gnawing melancholy, at the sight,
To dreary caverns wings her speedy flight;
Vice drest in every form, by artful guile,
Withdraws its pow'r at her benignant smile;
Each day fresh beauties fixes on her mien,
Each day some fresh endearment might be seen,
Concentrating they meet without disguise,
And in gay colours strike our dazzling eyes.

Of such a disposition sweet possess'd,
Oh may the best of blessings on her rest!
May she repay her parent's anxious cares,
And prove an answer to their fervent prayers;
To friends around a joy and comfort be,
An ornament to all society;
Each moment to some useful end improve,
In whatsoever sphere she's plac'd to move,
Her best assistance to affliction lend,
And every case of misery befriend;

Be

Be her's the happy task by Heav'n assign'd,
To pour the balm into the wounded mind,
The wants of indigence and woe relieve,
And s othe the breasts which throbs of anguish heave
So oft a skilful surgeon, with nice art,
Extracts the weapon from the injur'd part,
Pours healing balsams o'er the angry wound,
Which in the softest bandages are bound.
But above all, may grace, the gift of Heav'n,
In rich abundance unto her be giv'n!
Within her breast o'er every thing preside,
And be her sweet companion still and guide;
Conduct her willing feet, her tender youth,
In paths of honour, virtue, and of truth;
Guard her while in this mazy wilderness,
Then lead her safe to heights of happiness.

Thus will her native beauties still acquire,
A higher colour from religious fire;
And by this flame directed here below,
Her active powers in nobler channels flow;
This will console her should she see old age,
This will support should death her thoughts engage;
And Oh may her last days prove as serene,
As the bright morning of her youth has been!
May she be aided by a power divine
When health, and strength, and beauty, fast decline;
And when the dreadful period is come,
That will denounce her body to the tomb;
May angels hover round the dying bed,
And o'er her frame their grateful influence shed,
Assist the spirit in its boundless flight,
And waft her soul to realms of endless light!
Her setting sun in radiant splendour dress'd,
Will then in everlasting glory rest.

April 8, 1809. L. N.

Tributary Lines to the Memory of Miss C. Shuckburgh, of Shuckburgh-Hall, in Warwickshire.

WHEN the grave closes o'er the hoary head,
And weary nature seeks its tranquil bed,
The funeral train their decent homage pay,
And rites sepulchral consecrate the clay;
'Twere impious then at Heaven's decree to mourn,
The race is finish'd, and the goal's the urn.
But ah! how different when, in nature's bloom,
The youthful traveller fills an early tomb;
Then grief may flow, the bosom heave with sighs,
And sorrow's current fill each mourner's eyes:
Angels might weep o'er Carolina's bier,
And mortal anguish cause a heavenly tear.
Oh frantic man! what demon stood confest,
And banish'd pity from thy iron breast?
Taught thee, that love doom'd Caroline to bleed,
That love not madness urg'd the desperate deed?
Peace to her blissful shade! that wing'd its way
To the bright mansions of eternal day;
Her spotless life the tide of grief shall dry,
And wipe affliction from a parent's eye.
The tongue of malice ne'er shall blast her name,
Nor envy's poison deal the meed of blame;
But truth shall tell how spotless was her breast,
Pure as her angel in eternal rest.